Of high resolued men, bent to the spoile,
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
VVho threats in course of this reuenge, to doe
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the *Gothes*,
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes,
I now begins our sorrowes to approch,
Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
VVhen I haue walked like a priuate man,
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfullie,
And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tamora. why should you feare, is not your Citie strong?
King. I but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me to succour him.
Tamora. King Be thy thoughts imperious like thy name,
Is the sunne dimde, that Gnats doe flie in it,
The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his winges,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so maiest thou the giddie men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit for know thou Emperour,
I will inchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweete and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or honnied talkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious seede.
King. But he will not intreat his sonne for vs.
Tamora. If *Tamora* intreat him than he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eares,
VVith golden promises, that were his hart
Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,

Yet

Yet should both eare and hart obay my
Goe thou before to be our Ambassad
Say t hat the Emperour requests a parl
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the mee
Euen at his Fathers house the old *Andr*
King. Emillius doe this message hono
And if he stand in hostage for his saftie,
Bid him demaund what pledge will plea
Emillius. Your bidding shall I doe ef

Tamora. Now will I to that old *And*
And temper him with all the Art I haue
To plucke proude *Lucius* from the warli
And now sweet Emperour be blith agai
And burie all thy feare in my deuises,
Saturnine. Then goe successantly and ple

Enter Lucius with an Armie of Go
Drums and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my
I haue receaued letters from great Rome
VVhich signifies what hate they beare t
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords bee as your titles
Imperious, and impatient of your wrong
And wherein Rome hath done you any s
Let him make treable satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip sprong from the gre
VVhose name was once our terrour, now
VVhose high exployts and honourable
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule co
Be bold in vs weele follow where thoule